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ROME, AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S, AND FIREWORKS OF ST. ANGELO.

"ROME, AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS:"

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In our description of the Colossal Model of "Rome, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens," in the *Mirror*, No. 1060, is incidentally mentioned the *Girandola*, a grand display of Fireworks from the Tower of St. Angelo, an exhibition of "the Holy Week,"—viz., on Easter Monday; which, with the illumination of St. Peter's, presents the most superb spectacle in modern times. Of its grandeur, tourists concur in stating, that but a very imperfect idea can be formed by the untravelled Englishman: our fireworks are mostly of the common, squib-like kind; and the public buildings of London, when spotted with crowns and stars, and initials, of coloured lamps, are seen to great disadvantage; still, this is the nearest approach that we can make to the spectacle at Rome. Nevertheless, the above scene presents a very considerable advance in imitative skill, while it aids the completeness of the Model, the pictorial and mechanical merit of which we have lately commended to the reader. On stated evenings, the stupendous church is instantaneously illuminated, and the Tower of St. Angelo becomes the scene of a superb display of fireworks; and the result is, we have been assured by persons who have witnessed the original spectacle, at Rome, an excellent approximation to its magnificence. It is, beyond comparison, the best entertainment of its class yet produced in this country: it has none of the flaunting, *ad captandum* vulgarity, by which our out-door exhibitions are too often made attractive for the mental gratification of the public; and it has, therefore, claims upon our attention beyond that of an ordinary metropolitan sight. It is, *per se*, an intellectual amusement; and with the attractions of the Establishment, zoological and botanical, conjoins to render the whole scene a treat of a very superior order, which has already been very extensively appreciated. On the evening of our visit, the spectatory could not have numbered less than seven thousand persons, all "in holiday suit," and many of them in "evening dress;" and we are informed that on the 31st ult. the grounds were visited, "from morn till dewy eve," by 90,000 persons.

As an accompaniment or hand-book to this popular novelty, we shall furnish the reader with a succinct account of the original spectacle at Rome, as best described by recent tourists.* The Illumination of St. Peter's, and the Girandola, or fireworks, from the Castle of St. Angelo, then, are referred to in *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, as one of the most brilliant spectacles in the world. In general, they were given only at the anniversary of the Festival of St. Peter, which falls in the middle of summer, when Rome is deserted by every stranger, and by all the inhabitants who can escape; but in 1818, the old custom of exhibiting them on Easter Sunday was revived; and subsequently, they have been displayed on Easter Monday. In the work just named, we find: "at Ave Maria we drove to the Piazza of St. Peter's. The lighting of the lanternoni, or large paper lanterns, each of which looks like a globe of ethereal fire, was nearly completed. As we passed the Ponte San Angelo, the appearance of this magnificent church, glowing in its own brightness—the millions of lights reflected in the calm waters of the Tiber, and mingling with the last glow of evening, so as to make whole buildings seem covered with burnished gold, had a most striking and magical effect." * * * * Having arrived at the Piazza of St. Peter's, "the gathering shades of night rendered the illumination every moment more brilliant. The whole of this immense church—its columns, capitals, cornices, and pediments—the beautiful swell of the lofty dome, towering into heaven, the ribs converging into one point at top, surmounted by the lantern of the church, and crowned by the cross; all were designed in lines of fire; and the vast sweep of the circling colonnades, in every rib, line, mould, cornice, and column, were resplendent in the same beautiful light. Suddenly, a bell chimed; on the cross of fire, at the top, waved a brilliant light, as if wielded by some celestial hand, and instantly 10,000 globes and stars of vivid fire seemed to roll spontaneously along the building, as if by magic, and self-kindled, it blazed in a moment into one dazzling flood of glory. Fancy, herself, in her most sportive mood, could scarcely have conceived so wonderful a spectacle as the instantaneous illumination of this magnificent fabric. The agents by whom it was effected were unseen, and it seemed the work of enchantment.

"In the first instance, the illuminations had appeared to be complete, and one could not dream that thousands, and tens of thousands of lamps were still to be illumined. Their vivid blaze harmonized beautifully with the softer milder light of the lanternoni. The brilliant glow of the whole illumination shed a rosy light upon the fountains, whose silver fall, and ever-playing showers, accorded well with the magic of the scene.

"Viewed from the Trinità de' Monti, its

* John Evelyn, in his celebrated *Diary*, describes the spectacle, as he witnessed it in 1647: the details are quaintly, but very intelligibly, related; and it would be better were the tourists of our time to imitate Evelyn's *particularity*.

effect was unspeakably beautiful: it seemed to be an enchanted palace hung in air, and called up by the wand of some invisible spirit. We did not, however, drive to the Trinità de' Monti, till after the exhibition of the girandola, or great fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo, which commenced by a tremendous explosion, that represented the raging eruption of a volcano. Red sheets of fire seemed to blaze upwards into the glowing heavens, and then to pour down their liquid streams upon the earth. This was followed by an incessant and complicated display of every varied device that imagination could figure—one changing into another, and the beauty of the first effaced by that of the last. Hundreds of immense wheels turned round with a velocity that almost seemed as if demons were whirling them, letting fall thousands of hissing dragons and scorpions and fiery snakes, whose long convolutions, darting forward as far as the eye could reach in every direction, at length vanished into air. Fountains and jets of fire threw up their blazing cascades into the skies. The whole vault of heaven shone with the vivid fires, and seemed to receive into itself innumerable stars and suns, which shooting up into it in brightness almost insufferable,—vanished—like earth-born hopes.

"The reflection in the depth of the calm clear waters of the Tiber was scarcely less beautiful than the spectacle itself; and the whole ended in a tremendous burst of fire, that, while it lasted, almost seemed to threaten conflagration to the world.

"The expense of the illumination of St. Peter's and of the girandola when repeated two successive evenings, as they invariably are at the festival of St. Peter, is 1000 crowns; when only exhibited one night, they cost 700. Eighty men were employed in the instantaneous illuminations of the lamps, which to us seemed the work of enchantment. They were so posted as to be unseen."*

Lady Morgan speaks of this fairy-like scene as "the most beautiful, the most splendid, the most indescribable, of all the spectacles exhibited by Rome to wondering nations. The volley of many thousand rockets, launched into the air at the same moment, may readily be conceived by those who have ever seen one rocket wing its solitary flight, and other occasions exhibit a profusion of temples, and mines, and Roman candles, and Catherine wheels, equally brilliant, costly, and evanescent; but the effect of the enormous pile of St. Peter's illuminated by myriads of lamps, the details of its architecture made out by corresponding portions of the lights during the first period of its illumination, the almost instantaneous transformation it undergoes on the lighting the second portion of lamps, belong rather to the imaginary splendour of Arabian tales than to the flat realities of life; and the whole, when seen as we saw it, (at the distance of two miles,) from the Pincian hill, has something so aerial, so fairy-like and delicate, as to produce, perhaps, the finest optical appearance that the ingenuity of man has invented."*

Mrs. Starke appropriates a column of her useful *Manual* to this superb *festa*: "About half an hour after sunset, commences the first illumination of the outside of St. Peter's; which is effected by means of 4400 lanterns, lighted by men suspended on the outside of the edifice by ropes, and drawn up and down by persons stationed within; but the service is so dangerous, that these lamp-lighters receive the sacrament before they begin their labour. The lamps which compose this first illumination cast a light somewhat resembling that of the moon; but at seven o'clock, literally in one moment, the whole scene changes, and presents the most brilliant spectacle imaginable, as every part of the church, to the very summit of the cross on the cupola, appears one blaze of fire. The materials which compose this second illumination are pitch, wood-shavings, and 784 flambeaux, so wonderfully managed that the effect is perfection. About eight o'clock, commence the fireworks at the Castle of St. Angelo. This magnificent sight begins with an explosion, called the *girandola*, produced by 4500 rockets, so arranged as to represent an eruption of Vesuvius. A variety of beautiful changes then take place, and the whole closes with a second *girandola*, appearing to convert the very Tiber into flames; and throwing reflected light upon the majestic dome of St. Peter's, which shines brilliantly amidst the seeming conflagration. These fireworks and the illumination of the church are repeated on St. Peter's day."†

In a work of still more recent date, we find this scene described by the hand of an artistical critic, who characterizes the illumination of St. Peter's as a spectacle "which is, perhaps, worth a journey to Rome to behold. The interior illumination, imagined by Michael Angelo, which was effected by a single, but vast illuminated cross suspended from the centre of the dome, is discontinued," but the illumination "of the exterior and the piazza is still one of the attractions of the *settimana santa*; and as the sun sunk behind the Vatican, and the short southern twilight began to deepen, I quitted my apartment, and, to avoid the

* Rome in the 19th Century, vol. iii. pp. 171, 172, 173.

* Italy, vol. iii. pp. 120, 121.

† Information and directions for Travellers on the Continent, chap. vii. p. 242.

scuffling line of carriages in the Via Condotti, crossed the Tiber at Ripetta, at the hour of *Ave Maria*, and passing under the fortifications of St. Angelo, approached the scene by way of the Porta Angelica, at the back of the great palace. As the dusk of evening increased, the lamps, which traced out every line of the architecture of St. Peter's, began to twinkle upon the vast dome, now growing dim and blue in the midst of evening; and as they assumed as nearly as possible the same tint as the last streaks of day that yet lingered behind, they produced a singularly beautiful effect, each lamp seeming a perforation, through which the sunset gleams were seen, giving the mass a lace-like lightness, which, under other circumstances, it could not have assumed. The colonnade round the piazza was also lighted, but merely by simple rows of lamps along each prominent moulding, and round each base and capital of its forest of Tuscan columns." Some judicious remarks follow upon the superiority of this simple *architectural illumination* over the plan usually adopted in illuminating the public buildings of London;* after which the second lighting is described: "A brilliant light issued, as it were, from the great ball, and describing a dazzling circle, settled upon the highest point of the enormous cross. This was the signal! In a moment lights flashed from every part, playing like meteors round the vast cupola, and setting, as by magic, each in its proper place. It was but a breath, and the illumination was complete; one which was the finest *coup d'effet* I ever witnessed; the first burst was truly astounding. I lingered upon the spot where the unvarying plash of the great fountains, in whose spray the lights were reflected in showers of fiery spangles, formed a fine and hushing accompaniment to the busy sounds of the diverting crowd. As it grew late, I strolled to the Ponte Sisto, to get the *ensemble* more complete, and was not disappointed in the effect. From Ripetta I had it again, but more distant; and my last glimpse was from the elevated point of the Trinitá de' Monti, whence, though rather subdued, it had a fine effect; rising, like some castle of enchantment, beyond the now dark outlines of the quiet palaces of Rome."†

The *girandola* is then described; to view which there is more smashing of carriages, alarm of pedestrians, and elbowing of ribs, than at a London illumination. A good view is to be had at the backs of some of the houses next the river, most of which are secured at high prices the day before. The back of the *teatro Apollo*, belonging to the rich banker, Torlonia, also commands a fine view.* Our author witnessed the *festa* from a small boat in front of the Castle: "The cannon announced the first grand bouquet of rockets; up it sprung, one vast trunk of light, spreading at length, at an immense height, into innumerable branches, and falling in golden showers, forming, as it were, a vast palm of fire; or, as it shot from the dark summit of the castle, you might fancy it the sudden eruption of a volcano; and, straining a point in favour of the picturesque, make the Tiber the Bay of Naples, and the dusky form of the castle the neighbouring Vesuvius."

It remains but to add, that the majority of these brilliant effects are represented at "The Surrey Zoological Gardens," with some additions. Here, as at Rome, the striking of a clock is the signal for the illumination; the lights flash in, and, after a time, change from the ordinary tint to a rich roseate hue. The *girandola* commences from the roof of the Castle of St. Angelo, with maroons in rapid succession; followed by Roman candles, with balls of remarkable brilliancy and variety of colour; a superb standard piece of circular design, elaborately beautiful; some effective tourbillions; and several water-wheels upon the surface of the lake, with which the spectators were especially delighted; a superb *cascade of fire*, formed by jerbs flowing over the battlemented parapet of the Tower; and, lastly, a volley of rockets, simultaneously fired into the air, so as to realize the very striking effect represented in the Engraving. At intervals, the whole scene was lit up with blue and red fires, which threw out portions of the Model in bold relief, and admirably aided its *vraisemblance*.

The artist of this clever display was Mr. Southby, whose skill in pyrotechny contributed some of the best spectacles at Vauxhall Gardens.

* In the recent illuminations in London, the Travellers' Club formed an almost solitary exception to these remarks. A few years since, it was proposed to illuminate the dome of St. Paul's externally; but the dread of fire, the outer shell being of wood and lead, caused the proposition to be rejected.

† Rome and its Surrounding Scenery. Plates by W. B. Cooke. Accompanied by Literary Sketches, by H. Noel Humphreys, Esq., 1840, pp. 211, 212, 213.

THE LEATHER BOTTLE.

(To the Editor.)

SINCE I sent you the sketch of the Leather Bottle, at page 297, I have been fortunate enough to lay my hands upon a copy of the ancient ballad to which I alluded, as descriptive of its advantages, and the uses to which it might be applied. It was originally printed, I find, in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, and may be said or sung as follows. ALBERT.

* The mansion, with the real Balcony, in the Model, see p. 322 of the present volume.

THE LEATHER BOTTLE.

Now God above, that made all things,
Heaven and earth, and all therein,
The ships upon the seas to swim,
To keep foes out, they come not in;
Now every one doth what he can,
All for the use and praise of man;
I wish in heaven that soul may dwell
Who first devised the Leathern Bottle.

Now, what do you say to the canns of wood?
Faith, they are nought; they cannot be good:
When a man for beer he doth therein send,
To have them filled as he doth intend;
The bearer stumbleth by the way,
And on the ground his liquor doth lay;
Then straight the man begins to ban,
And swears it was long of the wooden can;
But had it been in a leathern bottle,
Although he stumbled, all had been well;
So safe therein it would remain,
Until the man got up again.
And I wish in heaven, &c.

Now for the pots with handles three,
Faith, they shall have no praise of mine.
When a man and his wife do fall at strife,
(As many, I fear, have done in their life,)
They lay their hands upon the pot both,
And break the same, although they were loth;
Which they will answer another day,
For casting the liquor so vainly away;
But had it been in a bottle filled,
The one might have tugged, the other have held;
They both might have tugged till their hearts did ake,
And yet no harm the bottle would take.
And I wish in heaven, &c.

Now what of flagons of silver fine?
Faith, they shall have no praise of mine;
When a nobleman he doth them send,
To have them filled as he doth intend,
The man with his flagon runs quite away,
And never is seen again after that day.
Oh, then his lord begins to ban,
And swears he hath lost both flagon and man:
But if ne'er was known that page or groom
But with a leathern bottle again would come.
And I wish in heaven, &c.

Now what do you say to these glasses fine?
Faith, they shall have no praise of mine;
When friends are at a table set,
And by them several sorts of meat;
The one loves flesh, the other fish,
Among them all, remove a dish;
Touch but a glass upon the brim,
The glass is broke, no wine left in;
Then be your table-cloth ne'er so fine,
There lies your beer, your ale, your wine;
And, doubtless, for so small abuse,
A young man may his service lose.
And I wish in heaven, &c.

Now when this bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out of the side you may cut a clout,
To mend your shoe when it's worn out;
Or hang the other side on a pin,
'Twill serve to put many odd trifles in,
As nails, awls, and candle-ends;
For young beginners need such things.
And I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first invented the Leathern Bottle.

THE OCTAVE OF THE DEAD.

(*Continued from page* 356.)

the small hand-book, or manual of structions for the proper receiving of the holy sacrament,* in common use with the Roman-catholic church, the "*Memento,*" or form of remembrance-prayer for the dead—is thus worded: "*Recordatevi ancora, mio Dio delle anime dei Fedeli, che sono morti nella pace della chiesa, et porticolarmente N. N. Accordate ad essi in virtù di questo sacrifizio la liberazione delle loro pene.*" (Bear also in remembrance, O Lord, the souls of the faithful, who have died in the peace of the church, and more particularly N. N. Grant them, in virtue of this sacrifice, liberation from their pains.) And again, (addressing Christ,) "*Vi raccommando in fine tutte quelle povere anime del purgatorio vostre care spose, che bramano godervi in Paradiso; e massime vi raccommando l'anima di N. N.*" (We recommend to thee, in fine, *all those poor souls in purgatory, thy dear brides, who long to enjoy thee in Paradise;* and more especially (or above all) we recommend to thee the soul of N. N.) At the end of the book are inserted the daily exercises prescribed by the church for the relief of *souls in purgatory,* assigned to every day in the week. (*Esercizio quotidiano in sollievo dell' anime del purgatorio, distribuito in ciascun giorno della settimana.*) To each of these daily prayers is annexed its respective "motivo," or reason. Commencing with Sunday, the devout are admonished "to pray to God for the souls in purgatory generally, and more especially for such of them as they may know to be, among all the rest, the most destitute of particular or individual suffrage or commiseration, ("*e particolarmente per quella ch' egli sa essere tra tutte la più abbandonata di particolar suffragio;*") and, moreover, should they on that day partake of the holy communion, they are to apply it to their solace"—i. e., of the souls in purgatory. Apart from the absurdity of the main question, we cannot but admire the good feeling here manifested, as likewise in the "motivo," or reason, annexed to this prayer: "In proportion as they stand in need of solace, being abandoned of all, by so much will their gratefulness towards you be increased." The Sunday prayer or supplication is "in the name of the most precious blood of Christ, shed in the garden;" and it beseeches for "the liberation of the purgating souls," (*l'anime purganti,*) "and particularly, amongst all others, of the most destitute and forsaken of them all"—ending, like the rest, with the "*Pater, Ave, de profundis,*" &c.

And here we may remark, that in the arrangement of these "quotidian prayers for the souls in purgatory," a curious gradation or scale of comparative merit, or of

* "Modo d'ascoltare fruttuosamente La S. Messa: e altre orazioni. Roma, 1823. Presso Perego Salvioni. *Con facoltà.*"

culpability, in the object is preserved. Thus, for Monday, the prayer is directed to be made "specifically for such of the souls as are nearest their departure or 'uprising' from purgatory," (*per l'anima più vicina ad uscire dal purgatorio,*) and the invocation is "in the name of the precious blood of Christ, shed during his dire flagellation:" for Tuesday, the prayer is for "the souls which, according to present justice, ought to be the last to rise from purgatory," the invocation being "by the precious blood of Jesus, shed at his sharp crowning with thorns:" for Wednesday, "on behalf of the souls richest in merit," and "by the precious blood of Christ, shed in the streets of Jerusalem, whilst bearing on his sacred shoulders the burthen of his cross:" for Thursday, "for such of the souls in purgatory who have been most devoted to the holy sacrament," the invocation being "by the precious body and blood of Jesus, which he himself, on the eve of his passion, gave in food and drink to his beloved apostles:" for Friday, "on behalf of the souls for which the party praying may feel most bound to intercede;" and the basis of the supplication is "the precious blood of Christ, shed on that day on the tree of the cross, more especially on his sacred hands and feet:" finally, for the Saturday, the prayer, specially assigned for that day, is "for some soul in purgatory that has been the most devoted to the Holy Virgin," and the supplication is "in the name of the precious blood that flowed from the side of Jesus, in the sight, and to the extreme sorrow, of his most blessed mother;" it concludes with a request to "liberate the souls from purgatory, more especially, amongst all others, that one of them who has been the most devoted to that *great Lady*," (*la più divota di questa gran Signora,*) "to the end that it may speedily come to thy glory, to praise thee in her, and her in thee, through all ages. *Così sia Pater, Ave de profundis*," &c.

It is scarcely, perhaps, necessary here to remark, that the palm of merit is, by the gradation to which we have alluded, pointedly accorded to the votary of the "*Gran Signora*," or the "Virgin," who, indeed, is usually made to enact a conspicuous part in the purgatorial drama. In nearly all of the dismal pictorial representations of the sufferings in purgatory, profusely exhibited for the edification of the people, the Virgin is depicted as the great mediatrix and assuager of torment; hovering, as a ministering angel, over the dark and fearful abode of despair and anguish, and pouring from her hands, or sometimes from her breasts, a rippling stream of water on the parched lips of the souls agonizing with flames and devouring thirst; an attitude and occupation which have been adopted in the works of most of the great Italian painters who have treated the subject of purgatory; and this, by the way, reminds us of an engraving we once met with in a treatise on the Chinese mythology, by one of the Jesuit fathers, wherein their "*Shing-Mou*," or "Mother of the Gods," is represented in precisely a similar attitude, pouring forth from a species of water-lily she holds in her hand, a stream of water on the souls of the dead, tormented in the flames of the Chinese Tartarus, or hell. The engraving purported to have been made from one of the large paintings, or scenic representations, which at certain stated periods are exhibited in China to the people in one of the sacred festivals of their religion.

The precise period at which the doctrine of purgatory, in its modern sense,—viz., of the intermediate purification by fire of souls not absolutely in a state of final perdition, with its concomitant abuses,—was engrafted on the superstitions of the Romish church, is somewhat uncertain. With its usual and characteristic acuteness, however, in all matters of temporal aggrandizement, the church was not backward in turning to early and good account an invention so admirably calculated to replenish its treasury, by its joint influence on the pockets and consciences of the devout. The main point once established, of the efficacy of the prayers of the church in obtaining a present relaxation of the sufferings of the departed soul, during this supposed state of intermediate probation by fire, the transition was simple and easy, to the exaction of money for the interposition of its good offices. Accordingly, a "Tariff of the Dead," or graduated scale of prices, adapted to the pecuniary means, and modified by the relative rank and station, of the parties, was soon instituted for the sale of masses, and purgatorial "indulgence" for the dead; amongst whom, also, a corresponding scale or gradation of merit and punishment was at the same time introduced. The surviving relatives, firmly persuaded that the deparatory state of torment to which a deceased parent &c. were subjected, might be abridged in duration, or modified in nature or amount, by virtue of a pecuniary sacrifice, were easily induced to part with a modicum of cash, for the attainment of an object so pious and benevolent; and to the present day, the celebration of masses for the repose and benefit of the souls of the dead in purgatory continues, as we have before seen, to yield a rich harvest of gold to the church of Rome.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

A Coincidence.—The sense and the *census* of the country will, probably, both be taken during the present month.

THE VISION OF PRINCE AMRU.

I TOOK the bowl—for I might not live,
Yet had I all that wealth could give;
For my father is monarch of Tombuktu,
And I am his firstborn, the Prince Amru.
Gems and gold, he has greater store
Than the pebbles upon the ribb'd sea-shore;
Slaves that await his dread commands,
More than the dark-plumed ostrich-bands:
All these were his—all these were mine,
Yet must I quit the fair sunshine!

I took the bowl—for I loath'd his gold,
Gems I scorn'd in my hand to hold;
Crouching slaves all but bliss could give;
But they served not for love—why should I live?
For the life of man is love, and dead—
Dead is the soul when love is fled!

I took the bowl—and it held not wine,
Yet the poison'd juice did merrily shine;
And, when I thought of the 'numbing draught,
And how soon I had done with life—I laugh'd—
With a laugh I raised the goblet high—
'Twas the first that had ever lit mine eye!

Deep, deep, I quaffed, for I felt each drop
Soothingly wooing the blood to stop;
And a murmuring stream of obvious sleep
Came round—and I sank—and my sleep was deep.

Deep, deep,—yet sense did some remain,
For marvellous images fill'd my brain;
The marble walls whirl'd round and round—
Quiver'd beneath my feet the ground;
A thick air prest on my aching brow,
And I felt a new being upon me now.
I heard a voice of melody,
And I forced my eyelids up to see.
There stood a maiden fairer far,
Than ever the earthly maidens are;
Lovely and kind, and O, how bright!
Yet, half obscure to my dazzled sight—
And well to mortal might seem obscure,
Vision so matchlessly fair, and pure.
Her voice—how sweetly I may not say,
Warbled a half-remember'd lay.
But ere I might recal the strain,
(It was one I had heard full oft from men—
One that I thought not to hear again,)
A chorus, so loud, so shrill, so sweet—
(Heav'n! how my 'wildering breast did beat!)
A chorus of melting music rung,
By a hundred as heav'nly voices sung,
And a hundred maidens, each as fair,
Throng'd around in the murm'ring air.

Awhile I gazed in a thrilling trance,
Watching the whirl of their mazy dance;
Till the song had ceased, and the dance was o'er—
While the air still murmur'd as before;
Then was I 'ware of a silken string,
Bound at the end to a crystal ring:
The maidens had let down the string to me,
And I clasp'd the ring in ecstasy.
Then I felt my brain whirl round and round,
My eyes grew dim, my ears seem'd bound,
And fled from beneath my feet, the ground.

There, as in infinite space I hung;
But the maidens above, again they sung,
And I felt, as I saw the earth recede,
Death like this was sweet indeed!

The maidens above me, still they sung,
And what reck'd I how long I hung?
I turn'd mine eyes once more above,
For another glimpse of that vision of love—
But, O horror! the maiden choir was gone!
I look'd—I was hanging all alone—
Hanging alone in boundless space,
Far from human or heav'nly race;
And the song had ceased, and the dance was o'er,
But the air still murmur'd as before,—
The silken string—whence hung it now?
I turn'd up mine eye with an aching brow;
Far, far it pierced the darkling air,
It seem'd nor end nor change was there—
And yet how high it were vain to say;
I saw a glimpse of unearthly day,
A halo-ring of marvellous light—
Never was sun so strangely bright.
Wreathed, like the glory that Christians paint
Round the head of a martyr'd saint;
So was wreath'd this halo-ring,
Far above, round the silken string;
And in the circle I could trace
Every maiden Peri's face—
Yet so far above, so very far,
Each seem'd small as a tiny star.
How shall I reach them?—I left the rope,
Springing aloft with frantic hope;
Madman! my every chance was o'er,
How might I hope so high to soar!
Falling, falling, I may not tell
How many rapid leagues I fell;
Falling, falling, down as far
As the short-lived meteor star,
Further, and further, and further away,
Nothing was there my course to stay;
Till strange new echoes came around,
Not like the Peris' harmonious sound,
But sounds I seem'd to have known of yore,
And voices that I had heard before.

Madly I made my eyelids ope,
Staring with wonder, fear, and hope—
There were more earthly forms, yet sure,
Forms that were scarce less bright and pure,
Silently lingering round my bed—
For, horror of horrors! I was not dead!

No, for, not mingled with leech-like skill,
The poison could madden, but could not kill;
And can I bear with life again?
Can I yet longer abide with men?
When I have drunken such deep delight,
Sounds so sweet and visions so bright;
Travell'd midway 'twixt earth and heav'n—
(Alas! to go further, not yet is given!)
Shall I not mix me a deadlier drink,
And slumber again, and soar, and sink?

Ah me! it is a world of toil,
Yet, will I bear with it awhile;
For the first fair form beside my bed,
On which mine eyelids opened,
Was, methought, the same in form and face,
The same in pureness, the same in grace,
With a maid that I saw in upper air,
At least less fleeting—perchance as fair:
And if there be such forms on earth
Among the maidens of human birth,
Ye gods! I will live and love with men,
And wait my time ere I die again!

E. M.

TIME AND TIME-PIECES.

Tempus fugit—Time flies. But Time doesn't always fly. Time has many movements. He can walk; he can run; he can creep. Ask a musician, and he will tell in Italian of the *piano*, and *forte*, and *andante*, and *vivace*, and *crescendo*, and *diminuendo*, and a thousand other paces of Time. Not Pegasus himself is half so various and capricious in his movements. If he travel with a merry companion, not an arrow so swift; if with a sad one, not a snail so slow; if with a wise one, he jogs along soberly; if with a fool, he dances a jig. Now and then Time comes to a full stop; but that is only when

THE CLOCK WONT GO.

We should learn to regulate the movements of Time; that is, we should be *wise*, and he will keep to a sober pace. It is a simple plan: as easy as regulating your clock. Time and your clock go together. Your clock is the nag of Time. A curious beast is your clock—a sort of a lion rampant. Your old-fashioned clock, that is, with an hour-hand only, which serves him for nose and eyebrows. The holes for the keys are his eyes; and the maker's name his mouth.

Much excellent morality is to be drawn from time-pieces, as well as from Time himself; but, as we have no leisure at present to be diffuse upon this subject, we shall merely subjoin some stanzas, which were written a few years since at Oxenford, in the county of Oxenford, where, at that time at least, the public clocks had each but one hand:—

"SOME OBSERVATIONS ON CLOCKS AND WATCHES; WITH AN EXCELLENT MORAL ATTACHED, AND A PROPOSITION FOR LENGTHENING LIFE THIRTY-SIX HUNDRED TIMES.

How Oxford folk may measure time is hard to understand,
Since of their public clocks each one hath only got one hand:
But clocks have generally two, like any dame or dandy;
And, faith, to me the latter plan seems vastly much more handy.

How strange and complicate a frame a watch's or a clock's is;
Made up of little crooked wheels and crooked paradoxes!
"Time-keepers" truly! they have "catch'd a Tartar," neck and crop;
They *keep* time whilst they *go* with him, but cannot when they *stop*.

Some clocks and watches have *three* hands by which the time is reckon'd:
But strange! the *third* in such a case is always call'd the *second*;
Oh can the bard explain a watch, nor can you understand one,
Which even when 'tis wholly new, is still a second-hand one!

Now in these little indices is much to make us ponder;
For what we mete with so much care, it were not wise to squander:
A minute, though a time minute, to waste was never so meant,
Nor think that even a moment is a matter of no moment.

The best of ways, the song declares, to lengthen out our days,
Is stealing hours from night; but *that* is *not* the best of ways:
I have a plan to lengthen life of more peculiar powers—
To seize the minutes as they pass, and make the moments hours.

Then take your time-meter with you wherever you may travel;
The hour for meat, or drink, or rest, or toil, it will unravel:
'Tis meeter I can say from old experience; and 'tis sweeter,
For did the muse not mete her verse, her verse would not be metre."

S.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—XIII.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

THE *Magazines* for the present month are somewhat deficient in that "light summer reading" which is meet for gay and gladsome June. They have few fresh blossoms or young flowers; whilst some of their "continuations" are strangely running to seed, and should be forthwith cut down and cleared away, to make room for novelties. In this fell swoop we would not include *Blackwood's* float—"Ten Thousand a-Year, Part xix."—with its home thrust at the Vulture Insurance Company and joint-stock speculation, and the evaporation of "the Artificial Rain Company," from the articles in "the Morning Growl" having made the town too hot to hold the knaves, whilst the "blow-up" throws Lord Dreddlington into apoplexy, which frightens to death Lady Cecilia Titmouse. "In passing down Park Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey and Kate saw a hatchment suspended from the house of Mr. Titmouse; and, some short time afterwards, they saw that gentleman himself in the park, driving a beautiful dark blue cab, his tiger and he both in mourning. Black greatly changes most people's appearance; but it effected a peculiar change in Mr. Titmouse; the fact being that, desirous of exhibiting extra marks of respect for the memory of the deceased Lady Cecilia, he had put his sandy mustachios and imperial into mourning, by carefully dressing them with Indian ink, which gave a very touching and pensive character to his features:" and thus ends the chapter. Dr. Granville's *Spas of England* furnishes a short semi-review—seasonable, but not half so lively as might be expected. "The Kirghiz-Kazacks" is a clever contribution to ethnography. "Hints to Authors"—the Biographical, contains a demonstration against "the miserable milksops who cheat the revenue, and reduce themselves to the level of beasts." It is proposed to divide an association into those who take the Total Drunkenness Pledge, and those who take the Occasionally Sober Pledge. "But as the expense of the latter class will probably be smaller than that of the T. D. Pledgemen, the entrance-money to the O. S. Pledge shall be 4*d.* instead of 2*d.* In the Total Drunkenness Pledge, the person binds himself, at some one hour or other of each lawful day—and twice every Sunday—to produce in himself, by means of one or more of the following liquors—viz., Beer, Ale, Flip, Egghot, Purl, (early or otherwise,) Gin, Brandy, Whisky, Rum, Wine, Shrub, Hollands, Swizzle, Toddy, Punch, Stingo—alone or mixed—such a degree of philosophical equanimity as not to be aware of whether he stands on his head or his heels—not to be able to speak so as to be understood by his nearest friend—nor to be able to maintain what philosophers have absurdly called the centre of gravity, which Mr. Gubbins considers the height of absurdity; and, in short, to be in that truly elevated condition, when the 'floor begins to be rebellious, and the room swings round in imitation of a windmill.' The Occasionally Sober Pledge does not mean that any one day is to be wholly spent without contributing one's share to the increase of the revenue; but simply, that occasionally it shall be lawful to stop short of the extreme point to which the others are bound to proceed; and, indeed, to leave off at that happy stage when a man feels it his bounden duty, as a Christian and a man of honour, to thrash a policeman, or wrench off a knocker, or frighten an unprotected woman, in the manner practised already by some amateur members of the highest rank. The Occasionally Sober Pledge does not in the least preclude a man from being as totally drunk as he pleases; while, on the other hand, the T. D. P. binds a person to abjure the O. S. P. as insufficient and unsatisfactory. The effects of this stupendous plan will be extraordinary. The increased impulse given to the revenue will keep the ministry in power for ever, or at least till *you know who* are to take their places. One additional glass of gin drunk by each adult in Great Britain alone, per diem, will supply the whole present deficiency; two will terrify empires with our wealth; and a bottle will pay off the national debt in a very few years!" The prime mover in this scheme is Mr. Gubbins, whose efforts receive the ecstatic gratitude of the administration. Public (house) dinners were given to him by the brewers of London, by the gin-spinners, by the licensed victuallers. But, alas poor Gubbins! the prosperity of his Drinking Association brought on *delirium tremens;* yet he kept his pledge: his friends told him he was killing himself by inches—he cared not if he died by the square yard in so patriotic a cause: he died of too anxious an interest in his country's welfare. Gubbins died on April 15: he was "considerably below the middle height, being little more than 5 feet high; but, as if to compensate for the deficiency, he was considerably beyond the average width, being a great deal broader than he was long. His hair was of a deep red hue, his countenance full of dignity and sweetness, with a very short and flat nose; while his face was saved from too feminine an expression by a remarkable projection of his two front teeth, and extremely protuberant lips. His legs were what is usually called bandy, and he had splay feet of peculiar size. With these advantages, his success in life is not matter of much surprise." All this is sly, smart, and fair play upon the delusions of

the day; and leaving the Whigs, the New Poor Law, and the foreign politics of the Number, to their deserts, we "bite our thumb," and pass on.

The Colonial Magazine contains a one-sided paper on "the Sugar Duties;" and evinces peculiar interest in "the China Company," which promises the consumption of British manufactures to the extent of one shilling yearly per head by 400,000,000 of people, thus increasing our export trade 20 millions sterling, and having "an effect on England equal to the discovery of a new world." There is an interesting account of the Discovery of La Perouse; but we have yet to learn where is Ticopia. The subject, too, has circumnavigated the world of letters, and "the discovery" we take to be "no news."

The Metropolitan flaunts in with Mrs. Trollope's "Blue Belles of England," and a tale, "The Idiot Sailor-boy," by Mr. Howard. "Spencer Middleton; or, the Squire of River Hill," (some fifteen miles on the high North Road,) is commenced: the second chapter—the hero's first night at Oxford, and the third—"the College and its Inhabitants," are amusing pictures; and "the Invalid's Chamber" is a chapter of pathetic. "Memoirs of Gibraltar" contains some pleasant gossip of "the Rock." From the Poetry we quote a gem:—

"*Epitaph, by Thomas Campbell, on the death of Mrs. and Miss Shute, by drowning, when on a party of pleasure.*

"In deep submission to the Will above,
Yet with no common cause for human tears;
This stone, for the lost partner of his love,
And for his children lost—a mourner rears.

One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
Tore threefold from his heart the ties of earth,
His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,
And her who gave them life, and taught them worth.

Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate,
My life's companion, and my two firstborn!
Yet, with this silent stone I consecrate
To conjugal paternal love forlorn.

Oh! may each passer-by the lesson learn,
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain
When Friendship weeps at Virtue's funeral urn—
That, to the pure in heart, to die is gain."

George Cruikshank's Omnibus is, decidedly, an advance upon No. 1 in every respect. The "Nobody" illustrations of "the New Police Act" are two plates of drollery nicely dished up. The Peep-show account of the Preface-plate is smart; and the embellishment of "Frank Heartwell" is on a par with the story, which never rises to the high-water mark of interest. "The Ass on the Ladder," ("up goes the Donkey,") should have been the best paper in the Number: the cuts are clever; but the literary illustration reminds us of some one else "on the ladder" than the Ass, or the Boy. "Love has Legs" is a pleasing lyric trifle. In the "Omnibus Chat," the talkers seem hardly at home: the Sonnets to Macready are as dull as the rumble over the Poultry wood pavement, and as demure as tragedy itself: it matters little what may be the Editor's opinion on Homœopathy, but we hope that he will keep the system, as regards humour, out of the *Omnibus*. In all works aiming to be "comic," there must be variety, to band the ball to and fro; for unexpected association is one of the best incentives to laughter. *Verbum sap.*

The Bude Light, No. 1, noticed in our last, is a trifle *light* as air: here are a few more of its drolleries:—

"*Disclosures.*

At last we are nearing the winning-post in our first race with the monthly periodicals. The illumination is all but complete; a few more jets of gas, and the "Bude Light" will be in its glory. What we are now scribbling is, in a manner, our *envoy*; and we shall give it a literary start with a verse or two in honour of the new month:—

JUNE.

A VARIED tune
O month of June,
Thou singest to the crowd;
Now thy sweet breath,
Soft whispereth,
Now riseth warm and loud!

Two battles grand,
By sea and land,
To memory shout thy name;
Where rose Lord Howe,
With laureled brow,
To crown our ocean fame!

Where Glory's son,
Our Wellington,
Beneath thy skies of blue,
On land, as wave,
Bore Victory's glave,
And won at Waterloo!

But while around
The triumph sound
Of glory plays its part,
Thou sweepest by
Thy melody,
To calm the human heart.

O June! along,
Thy murmur'd song,
Doth like a river glide,
To tune thy breeze,
And fill thy trees,
And serenade thy bride.

The glad young Earth,
That now gives birth
Unto her summer child;
Whose sunny eyes,
From flowers and skies,
Shine ever warm and mild.

There! we think we have just said enough about the month to shew that the "Bude Light" is not at all jealous of the sunshine; and now we make a few random attacks upon other business.

There being, then, an acknowledged advantage in this publicity of authorship, we will not hesitate to satisfy the world's curi-

osity, and proclaim at once who the people are who mainly contribute to the effulgence of the "Bude Light."

In *literature*, we rely principally upon Southey, Lockhart, John Wilson Croker, Thomas Ingoldsby, and Sidney Smith. The latter's last joke to the effect that "Ministers *cant help dissolving if the hot weather continues*," crept accidentally into the "Morning Post;" not so his reply a day or two ago to Mr. Moon, the print-seller, when he went to the private view of Salter's spirited and effective painting of the "Waterloo Banquet at Apsley House."

"Is it not bright? is it not animating?" said Mr. Moon, in his own peculiar strain of *suavitor in modo*; did you, in fact, ever see a fresher picture in your life?"

"No, sir," said the wit, "I never saw a *fresher*; and I came here under the impression that *this* was a *Salter*."

But to return to our contributors:

Ainsworth and Dickens will take it by turns
To write for the "Bude Light" as long as it burns;
Peake, Mrs. Norton, North, Maxwell, Maginn,
Will turn us a great many articles in!
Mrs. Gore, Lady Morgan, Gleig, Ritchie, and Prout,
Will turn us a great many articles out!
While Blanchard, and Jerrold, Knowles, Talfourd, and Thackery,
Henceforth, week after week, will all go it like "whackery!"
Or, if that pretty word in the reader's throat sticks,
Why, then, they shall only all go it "like bricks!"

But, to tell the truth, we have all the "heads of the people" in our pay; and we feel pretty comfortable about the squeezable nature of their brains."

The *New Monthly Magazine* has its *modicum* of sly, quiet humour: we cannot, however, transplant from the Editor's "Fathers and Sons," nor Mrs. Trollope's "Charles Chesterfield." A sketch of Beethoven, by Mr. Hogarth, comes somewhat late after Moscheles' Life of the great musician. "A Word to the Schoolmaster," playful as it is, ends with a sound piece of advice in favour of Normal Schools: "Truth to tell, he has much to learn. And if grown persons are taught to dance, there can be no harm in teaching them to think, before they are permitted to set up for the teachers of others. The poor are in great need of education, but the rich are not less so; let the schoolmaster, therefore, begin with them—that is, with himself." "Recreations in Natural History: Singing Birds—Visitors," appears to be composed from Mr. Yarrell's sound work upon Birds, and, joke apart, need not, therefore, be taken *cum grano salis*, but as orthodox: we are glad to see Mr. Blyth and other accurate observers of the habits of birds admitted in evidence. Mr. Jerrold treats us with sixteen pages of "Ephraim Rue, the Victim of Society;" not a bitter draught, to be sure, but so full of home truths as to make many a man *rue* the day when he started in the Great little World: Ephraim dubs himself a desolate wretch, though it was his conviction, his amiable bigotry—that he was made for society: "nevertheless, like an unlit taper, he had never yet shone in it. What a world of social virtues, in the belief of Ephraim, was in *him* unknown to the world! He could make punch, ay, even better than the vicar—yet he was never called upon to squeeze a lemon. He could, he was convinced of it, carve a capon with the graceful dexterity of the parish-surgeon,—yet was his table practice confined to solitary chops. He could sing a song, whether hunting, bacchanal, or amatory, with the vigour and melody of the whole church-choir, nevertheless, hapless Ephraim! he never had other audience than his own spiders and his own mice; which, however numerous, were, it must be conceded, not too discriminating. Certes, many of his hearers had a finer taste for a ripe cheese than for a rich falsetto. And then, for a game at whist, Ephraim would have been the delight of dowagers. Unfortunate Rue! his only chance at cards was a solitary game—his only excitement, to cheat himself at cribbage! 'I see nobody,' cried Rue; 'nobody sees me!' The poor wretch is shut out from the luxuries of "Haunch Lodge;" though, up to the latest moment, he had the liveliest hopes of an invitation. In Chapter ii., however, he dances with the squire's lady; and, as "success colours all things in life," in a brief hour, Rue was firmly established in his own opinion! he *was* born for society. "Why had he lost so many years? The women looked meltingly at him, the men with eyes of wonder. He felt, as he trod the floor, that all the world hung upon his dancing; that at supper every word he spoke was treasured as a miracle of wit; that even in the smallest graces of the table he was thought a very paragon." He captivates Miss Matilda Withermay, and marries her, and makes a good husband; till, one night, he makes one false step, his reputation withers, he gets into bad company, and is shot! "What a miserable course, what an ignominious end had been saved (not served) to Ephraim, could he have been content to 'love his own company.'" We can only notice a very graphic description of Amsterdam; and "An Hour or Two with Berryer," a racy whole-length of the eloquent French legist and statesman: hear his characteristics—"He walks about the room, speaks to all, looks most smilingly on the young men, cheers up the old ones, laughs with the republicans, looks grave with the Napoleonists, and hears the panegyrics of all, without being spoiled, and believes the com-

pliments of all without being vain. Berryer belongs to posterity:" happy Berryer, say we. But we must spare room for

"*Autumnal Roses. From the Italian of Filicaja.*

"WHAT are ye like, sweet flowers, that gaily bloom
'Neath autumn's blast; so softly bending
Your clustered buds; so sweetly lending
The rude yet mournful gale your rich perfume?
What are ye like, amid decay and gloom,
A brighter tint of joy and summer blending?
Oh! ye are like young spirits yet ascending
The glade of life, unmindful of the doom
That sighs around them! When the hand of death
Shall reach the loved companions of their way,
And bid each dearest, cherish'd friend depart,
Like you, sweet flowers! they'll bow beneath the breath
That dims all loveliness; the young, the gay,
Will change and fade—the desolate of heart!"

The *Monthly Magazine* deals too largely in crotchety views to please the multitude. Clever, we dare say, are the twenty pages of Ontological Science, "preparatory to a Critique of Pure Being;" and unique may be the particle of light, engraved as a vignette upon the wrapper: but they do not suit the masses—and "we cannot help it." Two score of pages on "the Reign of Terror," and "Swedenborg," are succeeded by a long paper "On Comedy," in which we see little that is either strong or sweet, or presenting new position.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine is sturdy in politics, as usual. It has some capital book analyses—Kennedy's *Texas*, Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, and *Slavery in the United States*. "Quackleborough Election" is a fierce piece of satire; but half a dozen pages of "Rambles in the Footsteps of Shakspeare," we suspect, will ensure the greatest number of followers.

The Polytechnic Journal opens with Mr. Forbes Winslow's paper "On Longevity," statistical and anecdotic: it is, however, not so cheering a subject as is generally imagined: extreme old age makes some persons melancholy: we remember to have been thus affected on meeting a centenarian at an evening party. A paper on "the Polytechnic Schools in Germany and France" will be read with much interest, and is very germane to this Magazine. A practical article on Wood Pavement, with *wood*-cuts, may, perhaps, lead to perfection in this new way: at present, the town presents a sadly patchwork, piecemeal aspect, and some streets are a very *experimentum crucis*. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is criticised at length in this Journal, but not in any other magazine of the month, except the *Art-Union*.

The Pictorial Shakspeare—Troilus and Cressida—is principally illustrated by Mr. Harvey, and from the late Mr. Hope's elaborate work on the *Costume of the Ancients*. The "Scenes" are by the former; in which, however, it is feared that justice has not been done by the engraver to the designs of the purely classic artist: in subjects of this class, such disparity is particularly to be regretted: still, some of the fragmentary illustrations are nicely executed. The editorial notices evince great acumen: there is a note to scene iii. act 3, that would have made Steevens wince; in which, for mutilating Shakspeare's spirited dialogue into halting verse, he is said to have had "no more idea of rhythm than a savage would have of a half-tint in painting."

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO ETON MONTEM.

WE are not going to cry down the celebration of this triennial festival; on the contrary, we enter into its innocent follies with keen delight. On the score of antiquity alone it is to be venerated, for we adore all these fast-fading relics of the customs of our ancestors; and we look upon their quaint ordinances with the same feelings of mingled respect and amusement that would be inspired by gazing on an old piece of china, which, fashioned in the present day, would be pronounced both ludicrous and absurd, but, as a memorial of bygone times, is endowed with value and interest. We love the pageantry of the Montem dearly, and we trust the period is far off when refinement and the schoolmaster shall have done their worst, and the holiday shall only be mentioned among the *fasti* of other days.

Many circumstances combined to render the late Montem far more attractive than it had been for several years. The presence of H. R. H. Prince Albert for the first time at its celebration was one principal source of interest,—at the same time he had rendered himself extremely popular with the Eton scholars. There was also a chance of fine weather, tolerably well assured, as far as corns and quicksilver guarantee a change in our variable climate; and last, though not least, the trains of the Great Western Railway offered facilities to the Londoners to enter into the amusements of the day which they had never before enjoyed. Whispers also arose, from the glittering magazines of the masquerade warehouses, that the fancy dresses would be numerous and costly, and perhaps the anticipation of seeing Greeks and Circassians walking about the public roads in broad daylight was as important as any of the other inducements.

It was in one of those bright moods of joyousness and hilarity which a fine summer morning in the country excites, that we walked through Windsor Park on the forenoon of Tuesday the 5th instant. We were in perfect good humour with our-

selves and everybody around us, and we hoped the feeling was reciprocal. We say we hoped, for their hearts must be indeed crushed and withered upon whom sunlight and a clear blue sky, the blithe hum of insects and the scent of wild flowers, have no influence, and are unable to make them feel, at least for the time being, both happier and better creatures. Our road lay apart from the beaten track, amidst coverts of fern and fair pastures, encompassed by ancient and picturesque trees. Indeed, it needed little imagination to reverse the flight of Time, and fancy ourselves once more living in the feudal ages; with the keep of the noble castle rising above the surrounding foliage, and the herds of deer grazing below in quietude, until the clanging horn of the merry greencoated hunters should scare them from their repose. We thought of the many changes some of the old trees had seen,—how they had calmly budded and flourished when the kingdom was torn with inward contention, and inundated with its best blood,—how they would still push forth their verdure when the very recollection of those who now loitered in their shade would have passed away. We traced in our own mind, heedless of all antiquarian directions and disputes, the spot where the sack-loving Sir John Falstaff suffered from his fair tormentors; and in another direction we pictured William de Wykeham surveying, with honest pride, the first elevations of the structure which was hereafter to become so favoured.

Our arrival at Windsor soon broke this train of thought, and turned it upon another set of rails, — to adopt the steam-loving language of the day,—for here all was activity and movement. Long lines of carriages near the principal inns shewed that we were not the first who had arrived to "don observance" to the Montem; and others were every instant pouring in from the different roads, together with crowds of foot-passengers, who, being principally from the neighbouring villages, would have formed, by their clean homely dress, and healthy, open countenances, a strong contrast to a like assembly in London.

We passed down Thames-street, and at Windsor-bridge encountered the first real indication of the Montem, in the shape of a *salt-bearer*, attired as an Albanian, who, attended by a runner, proffered us a handsome pink satin bag to receive our contribution. We gave a trifle consistent with our means, and received from the attendant in return a small green-paper ticket, inscribed as follows; the possession of which, we understood, was to free us from any further demands being levied upon our purse. We accordingly stuck it in our hat, such appearing to be the fashion upon the present occasion.

MOS PRO LEGE.

1841.

Vivat Regina.

The narrow High-street of Eton tended to condense the influx of company, who were arriving from all parts, in no small degree, acting like the extremely contracted inlet at the pay-place of the pit-door of a theatre; and opposite the College, at the union of the separate roads from London, Windsor, and Dorney, the carriages and foot-passengers were wedged into one dense mass; amongst which, however, the salt-bearers were assiduously plying their vocation, creeping before the horses, and behind, and in some cases under, the carriages, whenever the absence of a ticket betokened the presence of a defaulter, who had not yet tendered his offering.

At this stage of "the order of the day," the Quadrangle of the College was the chief point of attraction; where the review, if we may so term it, of the entire school was to take place under the inspection of her Majesty. Here admission was only to be obtained by tickets, and we had neglected to procure one previously from the proper quarter. It is, however, an axiom with us, at all public sights, to see as much as we can; and in any case of exclusiveness, provided we are not furnished with the regular passports, we invariably "try it on" without. We argue that we may succeed, and that if we do not, we can but be turned back. In the present instance, we followed closely upon an elderly gentleman of corpulent proportions, and whilst he was searching in the profundity of his waistcoat pockets for his card of admission, we contrived to slip in by mistake, like the Irishman's bad guinea amongst the halfpence. We have some faint recollection of a policeman seizing us forcibly by the shoulder; but at this critical period a crowd of *polemen*, with their blue jackets and wands, came driving through the arch, and we were borne on before them, until we found ourselves in the Quadrangle, at the foot of the statue, whose stolen sceptre caused so much noise a short period since.

The large area was filled with a crowd of elegant company, mixed with the boys of the school, who were flitting about from one acquaintance to another, or running to execute imaginary orders of ideal importance, in all the pride of their red coats, cocked hats, swords, and fancy dresses. A cluster of beautiful women had assembled upon the

stone steps leading up to the chapel, from whence one of the best *coups-d'œil* was obtained; and they formed a strange contrast, by their delicate and breathing forms, to the rough old carved work and tracery of the parapet, to whose outlines they were clinging.

The roofs of the Long Chamber and Upper School, which form the northern and eastern boundaries of the Quadrangle, were equally tenanted by groups of fair spectators; as were the various windows looking into the square, with the exception of the larger one in the Clock Tower, which was reserved for the Queen and Prince Albert, and towards which many anxious glances were cast. At this period (half-past ten, A.M.) the spectacle was exceedingly animated and striking; the scene owing its chief brilliancy, of course, to the fancy dresses of the boys; and some of these were remarkably elegant. There were several parties of hunters in "Lincoln Green," with bows and arrows; various Grecian and Turkish costumes; more belonging to no country at all, but a happy confusion of the attributes of each; several Hungarians in fur edging and red tights; and a formidable army of field-marshals, lieutenants, and other military officers, who, in addition to their swords,—"real sharp swords" as we heard a little girl designate them,—each carried a taper black cane. A Charles the Second, a Captain Macheath, and a Greek, with long black ringlets, and somewhat taller than his compatriots, struck us as being the most striking costumes: the most elegant we opine to have been two *moyen age* dresses of light pink satin and silver, worn by two youths, (brothers, we expect,) about fourteen years old. They were gracefully designed, but, if anything, too delicate for the occasion—the slightest shower would have been instant annihilation to their beauty.

The band struck up the national anthem at eleven o'clock, which was the signal of her Majesty's arrival at the College. The boys immediately fell into their places for the procession, and when, a few minutes afterwards, the Queen made her appearance at the window in the tower, such a shout arose from their lungs as did one's heart good to hear; and there was such a waving of plumes and streamers, and such a renewing and repetition of cordial welcome, that we can well account for the slight flush that passed over the Queen's fair face, when she looked at the delighted assembly of some hundreds of young hearts, many of them beating with the noblest blood in England, amidst whom her presence shed such joyous enthusiasm. It was not the formal greeting of an adult assembly. They were all boys, and they cheered her with the overflowing fervour of a boy's devotion. ALBERT.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Public Exhibitions.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Concluded from p. 348.)

136. *The Repentant Prodigal's Return to his Father.* W. Etty, R.A. This is, unquestionably, one of the finest paintings in the collection; it has all the requisites of a good picture—admirable composition, drawing, and colouring. The subject—one of the most touching parables of scriptural illustration—presented an excellent study for the painter, who has here treated it most poetically, and with fitting dignity. In the foreground is the compassionate father, with the repentant son sinking in his arms beneath a load of guilt and shame, and actually seeming to utter the emphatic confession: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son:" his expression is that of extreme anguish; nay, the scalding tears of contrition appear streaming down his face; whilst his fine form, wasted with "riotous living," famine, and want, in its destitution, is painfully contrasted with the richly-clothed father, whose venerable features beam with tender affection. To the left of this group is the elder son, "angry," and repining at the reception of his prodigal brother; and in the left-hand corner is cleverly grouped a servant with "the fatted calf." In the distance is a lovely group of female figures dancing, as is the custom in the East at entertainments and occasions of rejoicing to this day. Of the impressive treatment of this subject we cannot speak too highly; and its rich tone entitles the artist to rank as the first colourist of his day. Even with the recollection of Salvator Rosa's illustration of this very interesting parable, we regard Mr. Etty's picture as an ennobling accomplishment of pictorial art.

140. *Viscountess Powerscourt and son, and the Lady Barham.* F. Grant: portraits approaching the best style of Gainsborough, and, therefore, entitling their artist to foremost rank in the English school, if such an honourable distinction exist. Mr. Grant's portrait of *The Lady Katherine Jermyn*, (301,) and *Miss de Rothschild*, (1171,) are entitled to equal commendation: indeed, the latter, a cabinet picture in the Octagon Room, is the most fascinating portrait in the Exhibition. 492, by the same artist, is also admirably painted—*Party at Ranton Abbey*, the shooting *lodge of the Earl of Lichfield*; containing portraits of the Earls of Sefton, Uxbridge, and Lichfield, and Viscounts Melbourne and Anson; and Lord Lichfield's keepers. The likeness of the noble Premier is peculiarly happy.

The *Octagon Room* contains several pic-

tures which merited a far better location than this closet. Such are 1159. *A Veteran of the Old Guard describing one of Napoleon's battles—interior of a Farrier's Shop.* F. Goodall; and 1162. *The Emperor Charles V. picking up the Pencil of Titian.* W. Fisk. Both are cleverly painted scenes, in which the anecdote is well narrated, which is a great point in pictures of this class.

1165. *A Forest-scene.* H. Jutsum. A piece of sylvan enchantment, such as the imagination may readily invest with the fays and fairy population of poetry and romance.

1170. *A Scene at Newhaven, near Edinburgh.* A. Fraser. An admirable picture, vigorously painted.

1171. *Miss de Rothschild.* The queen of Mr. Grant's portraits, and, as before intimated, the best picture of its class in the Exhibition.

1175. *Cardinal Wolsey leaving London after his Disgrace.* S. West. If this picture be, as stated, "the first historical work of a young artist," it is the most promising work in the collection. It represents the lord cardinal embarking for Esher, with his train of gentlemen and yeomen, at York-place, near the present Whitehall Stairs; "a vast crowd, assembled on the occasion, in the hope of seeing him (Wolsey) conveyed to the Tower, lining the banks of the river, which is shewn as it then appeared." The disgraced churchman, still clinging to vainglory, is clad *in pontificalibus*, and is about to step into his state barge, assisted by his faithful secretary, Thomas, afterwards Lord, Cromwell; he is followed by two handsome pages, and several ecclesiastics; and the curious spectators in boats and on the stairs, occupy the rear of the picture. There is an episodal figure, which is cleverly painted: a ruffian shaking his brawny arm at the fallen statesman, but who is restrained by some women of his own class, while some of the Cardinal's suite scowl upon the varlet. The river is covered with boats, from Whitehall Stairs to St. Stephen's Chapel, both of which are represented in the condition of the period. The composition of this picture is fine throughout, and the colouring brilliant and in good keeping. Either as regards interest of subject, or talent in execution, this painting is one of the finest historical works in the Exhibition.

The other pictures in this "cribb'd, cabin'd" apartment, which merit especial attention, are 1176. *Sunday Morning.* A. Johnston. 1177. *Imogen, supposed dead, brought out of the Cave by Arviragus.* J. King. 1210. *A Pastoral.* T. Creswick. 1213. *The Birth of Venus.* J. Wood. 1216. *Andrea del Sarto's first Interview with Lucrezia di Baccio del Fede, whom he afterwards married.* J. Hollins.

Foremost in the *Sculpture* is Mr. Bailey's *Bust in marble of H.R.H. Prince Albert*, (unfinished,) but, in its present stage, an admirable work. Chantrey has two remarkably fine Statues, *Dr. Bathurst, late Bishop of Norwich*, and *Dr. Ryder, late Bishop of Lichfield.* Their devotional and dignified expression cannot fail to rivet the visitor. Gibson has an exquisite basso-relievo in marble—*Hero and Leander*, embodying these breathing lines:

> "In that dear embrace
> Soul has rush'd forth to soul, and time and space,
> Once dreary, are forgot. But hush! be still!
> Silence alone could that blest moment fill."—
> *Mrs. Landback's Poems.*

Among the finest busts are the following: *Mrs. Thompson.* J. G. Lough. *Capt. Sir W. Symonds.* S. J. B. Haydon. *The late Mr. Praed, M.P.* C. Smith. *Mr. J. P. Neale.* E. W. Wyon. *Moore, the Poet.* G. Moore. *Mr. Byng, M.P.* R. Westmacott. *Mr. Carpue; the Duke of Beaufort.* W. Behnes. Mr. Nixon's *Marble Statue of Spring*, to be erected on the Grand Staircase of the Hall of the Goldsmith's Company, will, in every respect, grace that distinguished position.

The Gatherer.

Chinese Expedition.—On May 24, (the actual birthday of the Queen,) the Chinese flag (for which Lieut. Jerningham substituted the British ensign on the fort of Chusan) was hoisted on Queen Mary's Tower, in the park of Cosney, Norfolk, below the Union Jack, which always floats there at times of rejoicing. It is a small rectangular triangle, of figured silk damask, cut in vandykes at the edges, and of a dull red colour. In the centre is displayed the tortuous dragon so often depicted on China wares, curiously wrought in gold, but apparently without inscription. A few months ago, this little piece of silk was waving on the shores of the China seas, and bidding defiance to the navies of Great Britain; now it is flapping lazily in the summer wind, over a grove of those trees that furnish her wooden walls, and exciting the admiration of the English rustic, instead of the pride of the mandarin of the celestial empire.—*Norwich Mercury.*

Fine Nonsense.—A provincial newspaper terms hay-making an "important portion of the farmer's duty," and observes that "the fragrance imparted from the beautifully-scented flower of clover to the passing traveller is truly delightful." Bless us!

Life and Death.—"How do you manage to live here?" said a traveller to a group of animated spectres in the Pontine Marshes. "We die!" was the pathetic reply.

General Election.—A small Surrey farmer being asked for whom he intended to vote at the ensuing Election, naïvely replied, "Can't tell: ha'nt heard from Measter yet." —*Fact.*

Battle of Waterloo.—The rich Polish Countess Potocka has purchased the celebrated painting by Stubens of the Battle of Waterloo, for 4000 gold thalers, and intends the same for presentation to the National Gallery, at Posen.

Competition.—An advertisement states that "*While Boulogne is sinking*, the beautiful little town of Dieppe is becoming the centre of attraction," &c. Poor Boulogne! the last news was the Bonapartean attempt to *raise* this ill-fated town.

Clichy, the Queen's Bench of Paris, must be a pleasant place. "In the garden there is an admirable promenade, besides games at siam, bowls, and nine pins; in the winter walking-place there are also games at quoits, chess, backgammon, and the *jeu des dames*, as well as books and newspapers to read; in the chambers, the prisoners play, laugh, dine, have music; and, by special permission, Count Léon once made the walls of Clichy resound with the same hunting-horn that M. Le Prefect has driven out of Paris; luckily, on one side of his room, he had for his neighbour one both deaf and dumb. Foils are proscribed in the new establishment, on account of a certain master of arms having written above his cell at St. Pélagie the following words:—'Crevécœur, first master of the grand army; here people are taught in fifteen lessons how to kill their creditors cleverly!'"—*Times.*

Prudery.—Often has it been said, far oftener indistinctly felt, that nothing is more really inconsistent with the spirit of true morality than the affected parade of buckram severity. Thus, the corrupt exaggeration of prudes fastens as a stain on the soul the tint which might otherwise have been but a play of shadow. But in this country, the extremes of wanton self-indulgence are far less in fashion now, and therefore less need to be denounced, than the acrid and noxious pretences of those who overcharge their mimicry of conscience because they know nothing of the thing itself.—*Ibid.*

The Church of Iffley has always struck me as being among the most compact, perfect, and interesting specimens of what is vulgarly called *Saxon*, (but correctly *Norman*,) architecture in the kingdom. Its western entrance, and the zigzag ornamented arches within, upon which the stunted tower is built, are full of attractions, which the thoroughly initiated only know how sufficiently to appreciate. The style of its architecture is, in almost all respects, similar to that of St. Peter's in the East, at Oxford; of which some notion may be formed by looking at the plates, and especially that of "the doorway under the porch," in one of the numbers of Dr. Ingram's popular work, entitled, *Memorials of Oxford.*—*Dr. Dibdin's Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 83. (The west end of Iffley Church will be found engraved in *The Mirror*, vol. xxiii. p. 25. On a visit to this admirable specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture, in the spring of last year, we remember a singular illustration of its celebrity. A lout of a boy, in round frock and hob-nailed shoes, lay stretched upon one of the old altar-tombs in the churchyard, eyeing the venerable church with more than rustic curiosity, when we were induced to ask him if many persons came to see Iffley. "A great many," was the reply. "Why?" —"'Cause there's so much *zigzag* about it." Could an artist have uttered a less circumlocutory or more just piece of criticism?—*Ed. M.*)

Brougham and Erskine.—I may not, perhaps, be singular in the opinion that, in many respects, and on particular forensic occasions, I have thought the voice of Lord Brougham to be not much unlike that of Lord Erskine. In *forensic eloquence* a comparison may be more correctly instituted. Both possessed POWER, the main engine of persuasion; both had a rapid, unhesitating utterance, and a fervid and beautiful fancy; but the latter was more terrible and unsparing. The first won, the second commanded, the verdict. The former was the "Jupiter Placens" (but still *Jupiter*), the latter the "Jupiter Tonans." This, *within* the courts of law; *out* of them, all comparison ceases. As *senatorial* debaters and orators, the voice of all parties by acclamation would unite in favour of the living ex-chancellor.—*Dr. Dibdin's Reminiscences.*

Consolation.—A newspaper describing the fire at a pastrycook's, at Windsor, on the morning of the Montem, says, "The loss of property was considerable; but, fortunately, *all the confectionary and jellies* for the Castle and College were preserved!!"—*Fact.*

A young lady at Almack's once asked a barrister what was the meaning of "granting a rule *nisi?*" which she constantly saw in law reports. He answered, smartly enough; "If any gentleman 'proposes,' you need not say 'yes' *unless* you like it."

Advertising for a Wife.—"*Une demoiselle bien née et aimable, ayant* 120,000 *francs de biens, desire épouser un homme âgé et riche*," runs a Paris advertisement. Perhaps, "*âgé*" means no more than our word *aged* as applied to a horse.

French Beds.—It is rare in France to find bad or dirty beds.